

The Evening World

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CAN THE WAR LORDS SILENCE IT?

WHILE with one hand Von Hindenburg feels for the Americans "on a certain section of the French front," with the other he has to do a job of bill-posting in Berlin in the hope of checking the ominous strikes and peace parades that are demoralizing the war morale of the Imperial German capital.

If only half the reports of what is going on in Germany are true, Imperial troops may presently have to be withdrawn from east or west to turn and fire inward upon foes of militarism and friends of democracy within the Fatherland.

A terrible boomerang—that promise of swift victory by U boat rathlessness! After twelve months to the day, there it comes whizzing back again—a million times heavier with America's fighting weight, a thousand times harder to dodge because of the sinister crowding and pressing from desperate forces in a Germany surging toward revolution.

A strange and unaccustomed din is rising round the ears of the war lords. Not the din of conquest they thought to delight in. It sounds far more like the menacing murmur from which the voice of a people sometimes gathers into one stupendous, shattering, all-compelling tone which is the voice of God.

Reports from Washington indicate that the President has advised the War Department and the Committee on Public Information to keep the country better posted regarding the activities of its fighting forces abroad and the progress of camp training at home.

A wise move. One hundred million Americans are in this war with their eyes open, ready to see it through and bear the cost. Why not conduct it for them in the American way?

START A HOTEL-CLUB IN NEW YORK FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

SOME good work has already been done and a great deal more will be done toward establishing canteens to provide evening recreation in the right surroundings for the thousands of soldiers and sailors on leave who spend their free time in this city.

Many of the boys have shown their hearty appreciation of opportunities offered them to get a good evening meal at some club specially organized for the purpose, where they are welcome to stay on and play games, dance, chat or gather round the piano and sing.

Hostesses who help entertain at these canteens note that the evident signs of enjoyment are confirmed by the boys' scrupulous courtesy and good manners, while the guests themselves make short work of any youth who becomes obstreperous.

Canteens of this sort are excellent. But the most they can do is to furnish a pleasant place to spend the evening. When the canteen closes, the soldier or sailor on leave must look for lodging for the night. Many of the boys know little or nothing of New York and have no friends here. For most of them hotel charges have got to be exceedingly moderate to appeal. This is a large town and not all the entertainment it offers visitors is either disinterested or safe.

Here, we believe, is a chance to meet a great need of men from the Army and Navy, thousands of whom will arrive in New York on brief furloughs during the coming months.

They should find a hotel or several hotels specially adapted to their requirements, where they can have a good bed at a minimum price, meals if they desire them, writing, reading and smoking rooms, and where they can always be sure of the comfortable companionship of other Army or Navy men.

It might be a good idea to take over a Mills Hotel, refit it for the purpose, and, if it proved insufficient to meet the demand, do the same with another.

We hear a lot about the fine clubs London and Paris are providing for American officers. Why doesn't New York give itself the credit of a model hotel-club for Uncle Sam's soldiers and sailors?

Eat corn and save wheat. Don't be a table-slacker.

Letters From the People

Wants Free Hides for Soldiers. To the Editor of The Evening World: New that Uncle Sam has taken control of the railroads, why not pass a law permitting our soldiers and sailors to ride free? Instead of them buying a ticket to go home from camp, why not let their uniforms be their passes? This should be the law whether the railroads are in private hands or under Government control. W. F. S.

Praise for Little Mary. To the Editor of The Evening World: As an exiled New Yorker I want to tell you how much more I am enjoying Little Mary Mixup than I did the little boy cartoons that preceded it. It is clean, and little Mary is so affectionate that she has won a place in the affections of my entire family. We watch her sayings and attitudes as each paper arrives.

AN APPRECIATIVE MISSOURI READER. Going to Teach Cooks for Navy. To the Editor of The Evening World: I am going to teach cooking to men who want to salt in as navy cooks and recruit 500 men for the navy within two weeks. I am not going to become a cook in the navy myself, but will teach the recruits all they are required to know about it. Applications should be sent to me at once.

HELEN CHRISTINE HOERLE. No. 232 West 23rd Street, phone Chelsea 742. What Her Sweetheart Wrote. To the Editor of The Evening World: Having read the letters printed in your paper with regard to army life, I wish to give you a glimpse of the life in Spangenburg, B. C. I am keep-

Over Due!

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By J. H. Cassel



Seven Ways to Matrimony

By Nixola Greeley-Smith. Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). No. V.—THE VAMPIRE METHOD

THE vampire method has been so universally developed in moving pictures that it seems unnecessary to describe its processes in detail. Personally I distrust it because one of its first principles is the infallibility of the collar-bone. No one ever saw a vampire in a high-neck dress. All vampires must reveal their collar-bones and the contiguous territory; notwithstanding the fact that to-day no man can walk a block, even in midwinter, without being surfeited with collar-bones, he is supposed to fall gibbering before the vampire's feet at their first meeting. Now, if men were really as simple as that, vampirism would be the most profitable industry in the world, and even Mr. Garfield could not put it out of business.

As a matter of fact, vampirism seldom pays unless it is done for the movies. Few American men can be won by the vampire method, and American women do not make good vampires, anyhow. In the mass we are much too honest, our expressions are too candid and open and most of us have blue eyes. Now there are green-eyed and gray-eyed vampires, and occasionally a black-eyed vampire makes good. But the brown and the blue-eyed women are ocularly disqualified from the game. Their eyes are too clear and clean for the vampiring business.

Everybody knows one vampire. You may not suspect her all by yourself, but I never met a vampire who did not save me the trouble of speculation by announcing her quality at once. A vampire curses her fatal attractions so roundly that you begin to look for them, and sometimes, though rarely, you discover that she possesses charm. More often your careful balancing of her attractions leaves a wolfish deficit and you wonder if you are beauty blind or she is mistaken.

I knew a vampire once quite well. Like all others of her type she informed me at once that she was irresistible to men, and later in our acquaintance volunteered to prove it. Moreover, she did prove it.

Speeding Up. Before the war 25 to 30 knots was battleship speed. To-day warships of from 150,000 to 300,000 horse-power are capable of steaming at 45 to 60 knots. We knew the same group of men.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell. Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

"I SEE some empty seats down at the other end of the car," said Mr. Jarr, as he glanced over the small knot of people standing near the door at which they had entered. "I'm tired and I'm not going to push my way through these people who have NO politeness and make NO attempt to stand out of the way!" said Mrs. Jarr, acidly, as she grasped a strap. "We'll be right in the way of everybody here by the door; it's the rush hour, you know," remarked Mr. Jarr, mildly. "We wouldn't be in anyone's way if everybody had a little good manner!" said Mrs. Jarr, snappily. "I don't see why they all want to crowd here near the door, when there is plenty of room at the middle of the car, and at the far end there are some seats!" "That's what I have been saying," replied Mr. Jarr. "Let's move up there out of the crush."

The Golden Age of Woman

By Helen Rowland. Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

WHERE have all the "Old Maids" gone? Where are those withered, useless, pathetic, pining creatures in rusty black and ringlets, Whose bright lives were spent in making them selves and everybody else miserable? Where are the "gossiping grannies," the fools "clinging vines"—and ALL of the world's "superfluous women"? I'll tell you! They have all gone into farce-comedy—or oblivion! Nobody even believes in them any more, except the comic artists. Nobody can even remember having seen one outside of the "funny papers." They are as much of a MYTH to-day as Santa Claus, curl-papers, real buckwheat cakes, "divine right," witchcraft and broken hearts! Indeed, What IS an "Old Maid," anyhow? She is a bit of driftwood on the tide of life who has lost her looks, her illusions and her usefulness. She is a woman who has shut the door of Life on herself and left Hope behind! She is an unmarried woman with more wrinkles than dollars and more gray hairs than ability, accomplishments or optimism! But WHERE will you find a woman like that to-day? This is the Golden Age of Woman! The age of Opportunity, business chances, new professions, New Thought and wrinkle eradicators. And there is no woman living who cannot keep the ratio of wrinkles to dollars As one to one hundred! There is no woman living who cannot find a vital interest in life—Who is not NEEDED. Who cannot be an "entity," an "individuality," on her own account. And As long as a woman has a vivid interest in life, As long as she is accomplishing things, As long as she has the energy to marcel her hair, wear smart clothes and a straight-front corset, And go cheerfully out to WORK every morning—As long as she keeps her hopes, her grit, her ambitions and her illusions, As long as she finds the game of life so MUCH worth the candle That she would hate to die, She may be a "maid"—but she is NOT "old"—and she is not "superfluous"! Oh, yes, of course! No normal woman will deny that there is nothing quite so desirable as a happy marriage— And the RIGHT husband! But husbands of any kind—right or wrong—are becoming scarcer every day, And soon the world is going to be just a little bit fuller of spinsters than it ever has been before. But, when this mighty war is ended, there will be no "old maids" left! For while a Good Husband may be the most desirable thing in all creation, He is no longer "ALL CREATION"—for any woman. And any woman who is a "creator," Whether she is a mother, a poet, a gardener, an architect, a painter, a milliner or just a little munitions worker, Is one with the Divine Spirit—the spirit of Eternal Youth! Ah, yes, it has come at last! Out of the black shadows of war it has risen in sudden radiance— The Dawn of the Golden Age of Woman! Aren't you glad you're living in it?

"Ma" Sunday's Intimate Talks

FOR THE GIRL WHO IS DISCOURAGED

HAVE you ever watched a great ocean-bound ship lying at anchor in the harbor and wondered at its massiveness? A tug boat fastened to it could make a sudden pull, a sudden break the great chain, or tow line, and not move it an inch. Yet you could take a half-inch rope, and, with your own hands, turn the great ship completely around by pulling steadily and with sufficient patience. The movement would be slow, of course, and it would take time and strength, and infinite determination on your part, but the final result in the end would be assured. The ship could very well be compared with yourself, girl friend of mine, who, growing impatient with your surroundings, have begun to fret because the course of your life is not changed swiftly enough to keep pace with your dreams. I know it is hard to convince yourself that things exist which we cannot see and measure with our eyes. That is why we fail at success when others attain it. Success is simply a matter of seeing further than our human, normal eyes can function. That is a hard thought to grasp. I realize that, and I wish I could make it simpler, but I can't. Life isn't all on the surface. It is an experience that comes from within us just as much as from without. We have got to FEEL life as well as live it—that is, if we are going to get the most from it and produce the most from it. But we are content, the great part of us, with closing our eyes when it comes to unpleasant issues, those that really count, and holding our hands, accepting whatever a kind or unkind Providence may have in store for us, rather than mustering our energies and telling the world that we are ready for whatever it has to offer us, and that we know in our own consciousness that we've come out winner. We don't do that, most of us haven't the strength or the will to do it. The whole trouble ourselves—and the whole of it—that we either won't or can't do that is true, and as a result, new and truer and more genuine on our own lives, and justifying their lack—and why. We can't and deserve success unless we have in us to do so—no other power except ourselves, so far as human agencies are concerned, can turn the trick for us. If we fail, it is because in our consciousness we don't measure up at the show-down. If we win, it is because we have that mysterious—and yet NOT mysterious—something in us that refuses to accept defeat, which demands only victory, and which as a result obtains victory for us. If you are discouraged, don't look at the world around you, don't look at your environment, don't look at your job—look at yourself. You may be surprised, and you may shrug, and say: "What's the use?" It depends altogether on yourself, on how far you can see, and how far you are with the interpreter and application of what you see. Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co.

Japanese Superstitions and the Telephone

THE Japanese, like many Americans, believe there is luck in certain numbers, and are willing to go to great lengths to gain the protection of these lucky symbols. A single figure telephone in Tokyo sells for from \$50 to \$100, and \$150 to \$450 a year, says the Electrical Experimenter. The luckiest number in the estimation of business is eight, because the character for it spreads downward and suggests the idea of ushering prosperity. Number 753 is also believed to be a lucky number, because children are presented a minute doll on their third, fifth and seventh birthdays. Indeed, odd numbers are lucky. Three-figure numbers are not objectionable if they are odd, but objectionable as 123 or 543. The most unlucky numbers are 4 and 9. The latter the former may be pronounced "death," which means "death" and "suffering." There is a superstition that numbers 4 and 9 are unlucky, and general, taken by Government officers, school police stations and other invited institutions.